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Panic

Lori Aylsworth

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Panic
Lori Aylsworth
First Place Poetry

loneliness is growing like mold
in the corners of my cabinets
and it fills the air with a damp rotting smell
the ominous eyes of tomorrow
peer at me through the darkness
as i retch weakly in the silence
there is no escape
my soul is screaming for release
but there is no reply
but the echo of my screams
spreading to fill the void between the walls
i am trapped
held tightly in steel jaws
and my blood splatters
running down and staining those snow-white walls
as i struggle to break away